Beleeue it better then reportingly. *exit.*

Enter Prince, Claudio, Benedicke, and Leonato.

Prince I doe but ſtay til your mariage be conſummate, and then go I toward Arragon.

Claud. Ile bring you thither my lord, if youle vouchſafe me.

Prince Nay that would be as great a ſoyle in the new gloſſe of your marriage, as to ſhew a child his new coate and forbid him to weare it, I wil only be bold with Benedick for his company, for from the crowne of his head, to the ſole of his foot, he is al mirth, he hath twice or thrice cut Cupides bow-ſtring, and the little hang-man dare not ſhoot at him, he hath a heart as ſound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper, for what his heart thinkes, his tongue ſpeakes.

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I haue bin.

Leo. So ſay I, me thinkes you are ſadder.

Clau. I hope he be in loue.

Prince Hang him truant, there's no true drop of bloud in him to be truly toucht with loue, if he be ſadde, he wantes money.

Bene. I haue the tooth-ach.

Prince Draw it.

Bene. Hang it.

Clau. You muſt hang it firſt, and draw it afterwards.

Prince What? ſigh for the tooth-ach.

Leon. Where is but a humour or a worme.

Bene. Wel, euery one cannot maſter a griefe, but he that has it.

Clau. Yet ſay I, he is in loue.

Prince There is no appeerance of fancie in him, vnleſſe it be a fancy that he hath to ſtrange diſguiſes, as to be a Dutchman to day, a French-man to morrow, or in the ſhape of two countries at once, as a Germaine from the waſte downward, all ſlops, and a Spaniard from the hip vpward, no dublet: vnleſſe he haue a fancie to this foolery, as it appeares he hath, he is no foole for fancy, as you would haue it appeare he is.

Clau.

Clau. If he be not in loue with ſome woman, there leeuing old ſignes, a bruſhes his hat a mornings, w that bode?

Prince Hath any man ſeene him at the Barbers?

Clau. No, but the barbers man hath bin ſeene and the olde ornament of his cheeke hath already ſt balls.

Leon. Indeed he lookes yonger than he did, by t a beard.

Prince Nay a rubs himſelfe with ciuit, can you out by that?

Claud. Thats as much as to ſay, the ſweete y loue.

Bene. The greateſt note of it is his melancholy.

Claud. And when was he woont to waſh his face

Prince Yea or to paint himſelfe? for the which I they ſay of him.

Claud. Nay but his ieſting ſpirit, which is now lute-ſtring, and now gouernd by ſtops.

Prince Indeed that tells a heauy tale for him: con clude, he is in loue.

Claud. Nay but I know who loues him.

Prince That would I know too, I warrant one him not.

Claud. Yes, and his ill conditions, and in diſpig for him.

Prince She ſhall be buried with her face vpward

Bene. Yet is this no charme for the tooth-ake, walke aſide with me, I haue ſtudied eight or nine to ſpeake to you, which theſe hobby-horſes muſt

Prince For my life to breake with him about B

Claud. Tis euen ſo, Hero and Margaret haue ed their parts with Beatrice, and then the two be bite one another when they meete.

Enter Iohn the Baſtard.

Baſtard My lord and brother, God ſaue you.

Prince Good den brother.